

The Tragedy of Hamlet.

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou knowst tis common all that liues must dye,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it bee
Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake could smother,
Nor customary futes of solemne black,
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath,
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
Nor the deiected hauior of the visage,
Together with all formes, moodes, shapes of griefe
That can deuote me truely, these indeed seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I haue that within which passes shoue,
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father,
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornesse, tis vnmanly griefe,
It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen,
A hart vnfortified, or minde imparient,
An vnderstanding simple and vn schoold,
For what we know must be, and is as common

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peenish opposition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that dyed to day
This must be so : we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take nose
You are the most imediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobility of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going back to schoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocund health that *Denmarke* drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the clowdes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder ; come away. *Florish. Exeunt all*

Ham. O that this too too fallied flesh would melt, but *Hamlet*.
Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst scale slaughter, O God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world ?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden,
That growes to seed, things ranck and grosse in nature,
Possesse it meereley that it should come thus